

Christ, but have we gone out and done all for him that we could? When we came to Christ did we not promise him, with his help, that we would try and let our light shine before men in this world that they might see our good works and profit by them? Then woe to those of us who are sitting on the stool of doing nothing, when the dying millions are crying out for more missionaries to be sent to them. No doubt some of us would say, I could not preach if I were sent.

Brother and sister, don't you know the grandest sermons are preached outside of the pulpits? Do you know the world is watching you and I who profess much, more than they are the sermons they hear from time to time? Then what kind of sermons are we preaching to the world. So many of us who profess read anything but good literature or do anything but good. I am afraid when we set such examples we will have little weight or force upon those who have never professed Christ. Let us keep such literature in our homes that we will not be ashamed for anybody to read. Paul says, "Christians, let that word of God dwell in you richly," and unless it does how can we hope to help convert the world. Let us try and get people interested in God's word. You ask, how may we do this, by being interested in it ourselves, honoring its teachings, showing the people that we derive light, joy and comfort from God's word, also by manifesting it in our daily walk and conversation, and if we live this kind of a life we cannot help but bring others to Christ. Oh, for more consecrated Christians.

Roann, Ind.

## Home Circle

### CHRISTMAS EVERYWHERE.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night?

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great and no cottage too small.

—Phillips Brooks.

### RUTH HARTWELL'S VISION

#### A Christmas Story

MARY E. FOWLER

"It's just two weeks until Christmas" spoke Edith Rossiter in a clear sweet voice as Ruth Hartwell handed her a pail of milk. "Yes, but what is Christmas to me?" said Mrs. Hartwell. Edith trudged home with her pail of milk and Ruth Hartwell entered her cosy sitting room, picked up a book and sat down before the blazing wood fire to read; but

somehow she couldn't get interested in the story which seemed dry, or perhaps she wasn't in a mood for reading; which it was Ruth hardly knew. At last she laid aside her book and got a bit of fancy work saying as she did so, that if it was her custom to give Christmas presents, the pretty embroidered doily which was nearly finished would make a handsome present for a friend. But as I have no friends what need I care? Again she sat down before the fire only to find embroidery as little interesting as reading had been a few minutes before. "Two weeks until Christmas, so Edith said, not long, but to be sure I'll get the Almanac and see. Yes, just two weeks from today, how I do wish it was past, for to me Christmas is nothing short of a hollow mockery, yet it seems to bring gladness to the majority of the people, so I guess it's all right," added Ruth with a sigh. Ruth Hartwell hadn't been seen on Christmas day by any one except the domestics for ten years, for on Christmas eve the curtain to every window in her house went down and daylight did not enter its solemn precincts until the day after Christmas nor did anyone dare intrude on the quietude of the Hartwell surroundings. A tall white monument over in the churchyard kept vigil over the spot where all that was dear to Ruth Hartwell rested. For there side by side slept her husband and four children, and side by side they had lain for years. Little Ma Bell with her golden hair and eyes from which the light of heaven shone was the last one to go, and it would be two years on Christmas since she was tenderly buried beneath the snow which seemed a fitting emblem of her pure soul. To be thankful Ruth could not be and why should she try to be happy. For while she had an abundance of this world's goods she had no near relative or friend on which to bestow gifts. And what did strangers care for her further than to obtain material help; so why need she care for any one. To her servants Ruth was very kind and occasionally fed a tramp who chanced to call at her door, but aside from that Ruth Hartwell lived a life of hermitage. Ruth laid down her embroidery, folded her hands and seemed absorbed in study. One might easily guess the current of her mind, for did not tear drops start from under her auburn lashes and trickle down her pale cheeks. Ruth was not asleep for she knew the fire was fast dying out and she felt a chilling sensation creep over her slender form, yet she did not stir, not even when Snowball, her pet kitten, and only pet, purred at her feet. So it must have been a vision in which she reveled the central figure in a room surrounded by people of all ages and sizes. Thinly clad, pinched faces and sad all of whom seemed to have their eyes centered on her. She wondered at

the sight, and asked, what meaneth this multitude of suffering humanity? Whence came they and whither are they going?

A voice which for purity and sweetness was unlike any voice she had ever heard, sounded, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink. I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." For a time all was silent. Then a light of indescribable brightness filled the room and instead of herself being the central figure, there stood a cross on which all eyes were gazing. The pinched and sad faces of the multitude now took on a heavenly beauty under the halo of the cross. And every voice took up the strain, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Again the second voice sounded, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." And all was darkness. Ruth was startled by a violent rap at the door, and there confronting her stood a rough looking man and two little girls whose forlorn appearance bespoke want and misery, asking for food and shelter for the night. How could she let such ill-appearing humanity enter her house, thought Ruth. Yet how dare she refuse. "For I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat," still lingered in her ear, so she threw wide open her door, and for the first time in ten years, the stranger found a welcome within her gate. Ruth learned the sad story how the mother had died and the father having spent all his living had started for a distant city with the hope of finding a home for his children. Why have I been so selfish, living only in the past while all around me is distress and misery: will God forgive me? Ruth asked herself while she filled the plates of her hungry guests with food from her table. "Mrs. Hartwell must be losing her mind," muttered Aunt Liza, Ruth Hartwell's faithful servant, as she saw the best bed in the house being aired and made ready for the children. The next morning Ruth told the father that she was in need of help on the farm and that he could stay for a few weeks and earn money to pursue his journey, which offer he gladly accepted. Ruth was fast forming an attachment for the children and they in turn dearly loved her. She unlocked drawers and trunks that had been closed for years and brought forth beautiful garments in which to robe the little strangers. They will take the place of Ruth and Ma Belle, my little girls in heaven, she thought. "Why, Mrs. Hartwell, what do you mean?" asked Aunt Liza in a surprised tone of voice. "I mean to live once again, Aunt Liza, that is all." "Dear, dear," sighed Aunt Liza, "what